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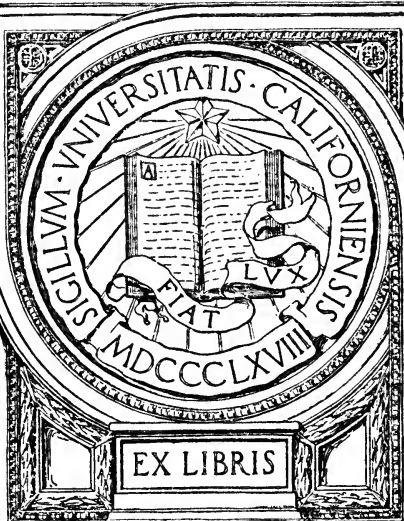
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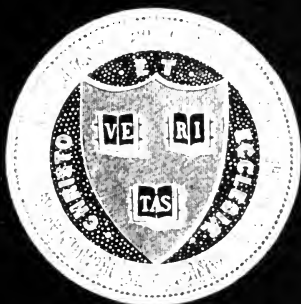
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FROM

*Chauncy Booth, M.D.,
of Somerville.*

1 Sept. 1856.

17464-4

YARICO
TO
INKLE
EPISTLE.

*Fate ne'er forms deep but when unkindness joins,—
Was there's a fate in kindness,
Will to be last return'd where most 'tis given.*

DRYDEN.

HARTFORD:

RE-PRINTED

By ELISHA BABCOCK.

M, DCC, XCII,

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1856 Sept. 1
Gift of
Chauncy H. Booth, M.D.
of Lowell, Mass.

DEDICATED
TO

Miss Arrabell Saintlœe.

913022

DEDICATION.

O SAINTLOE ! brightest of the Virgin train,
Approve my numbers, or I write in vain ;
To you, fair Patroness, these lines belong,
Life of my hopes, and ruler of my song ;
How should the Poet to the task be fir'd,
By you commanded, and by you inspir'd ;
Soft as the melting accents of your tongue—
Should flow the language, and the sense as strong ;
Smooth as your temper—easy as your air—
Keen as your wit, and as your judgment clear ;
Too steep the hill for infant limbs to climb,
Superior labour to a muse like mine.
Yet still she keeps the darling height in view,
And faintly copies what she learnt from you.
If o'er the plain wrote tale, the Virgin's eye
Lest drop a tear, or lends a pitying sigh ;
While kindly she regards the Negroe's cause,
And melts in soft compassion at her woes ;
You, Saintloe, shall her willing thanks receive,
Whose inspiration bade the story live.

T H E
A R G U M E N T.

THE Story of *INKLE* and *YARICO* is allowed to be genuine : 'tis related first by *LIGON*, in her account of Barbadoes ; from thence by the *SPECTATOR*, and as long as either lasts, must be mentioned in Competition with the blackest and most incredible Piece of Ingratitude, that History or Romance can furnish. The following Epistle is supposed to be wrote by *YARICO*, in the beginning of her Slavery, when *INKLE* was embarking for England, and contains a little History of her unprecedented Ill-Usages, mixed with Intreaties, Upbraidings, Tenderness and Reproaches.

Y A R I C O

T O

I N K L E.

FROM the sad place where sorrow ever reigns,
And hopeless wretches groan beneath their chains ;
Where stern oppression lifts her iron hand,
And restless cruelty usurps command :
To sooth her soul and ease her aching heart,
Permit a wretch her sufferings to impart.—
To Inkle she complains—to him who taught
Her hand in language to express her thought ;
Yet e'er your sails before the winds are spread,
A woman's sorrow with compassion read ;
Her dying farewell from her pen receive,
And to her wrongs, a tear in pity give.
Fain would I learn from whence that hate arose,
The cruel cause and source of all my woes ;
O ! tell me why I am so wretched made ?
For what unwilling crime am I betray'd ?
Is it because I love ? unkind reward !

That love preserv'd you from the ills you fear'd ;
If t'was a fault—alas ! I'm guilty still,
For still I love, and while I live I will ;
No change of fortune, nor your cruel hate,
Shall cure my passion, or its warmth abate ;
False as you are, how dare you trust anew
To winds and seas as treacherous as you.
Think will the Gods you serve—if Gods they are—
For crimes like your's their punishment forbear ;
If injur'd innocence their care be made,
Though I forgive, their certain vengeance dread :—
What if your bark by adverse tempest tost,
Should on some barbarous shore like mine be lost ?
Think that you see your friends and you pursu'd
By savage people, greedy for your blood ;
Who then could snatch you from your pale despair ?
You'd find no Yarico to shield you there.
How will you wish you never had betray'd,
Or sold for trifling gain an helpless maid.
O ! yet redeem me, while you've power to save,
And make me your's, if I must be a slave ;
Your faithful slave indeed I'll ever prove,
And with continued care attend my love.
Think on the vows you have so often made ;
How did you promise—how have you betray'd ;
Think are these chains, these bitter woes her due,
Who left her country, and her friends for you ;

And think, O think ! on the dear load I bear ;
 Must the poor babe a mother's sufferings share ?
 Shall the dear witness of our mutual flame,
 Be born to want, to misery and shame ?
 Whose tender care shall hush thy infant cry,
 Or whose indulgent hand thy wants supply ?
 Behold the gift a father's hand prepares,
 Unceasing sorrows, and continued tears.
 This is the portion, destin'd to be thine,
 Thou heir of all the wrongs that now are mine.

Would some kind power assist my thoughts to flow,
 Strong as my love, and piercing as my woe ;
 Or could my tongue in artful language tell,
 The sad variety of ills I feel ;
 To paint the anguish of my aching heart,
 My bitter sufferings and severest smart ;—
 E'EN you Barbarian ! would relieve my pain,
 And pitying take me to your arms again.

Remember, for 'tis sure you often must,
 When the seas drove you on our fatal coast ;
 How did my cruel friends your life pursue,
 And none of all that landed 'scap'd but you ;—
 Pale with your fears, and breathless in the chase,
 With wearied steps you ran from place to place ;
 Forlorn—distress'd—you knew not where to go,
 To shun the fury of the desperate foe—

8
—
Till chance—or rather some propitious God,
Your feet conducted to a shady wood ;
Screen'd from your hunters' eyes, but not from fears,
On the bear ground you lay o'erwhelm'd in tears ;
Your speaking looks, and stifled groans confess'd
A wretch with more than common fears oppress'd ;
For in that fatal shade by fortune brought,
A shelter from the scorching heat I sought—
Or rather to indulge a secret tear,
Shed for your friends, whose cries had reach'd my ear ;
There I beheld you, trembling as you lay,
And e'er I knew, I look'd my soul away.
You saw me, and the sight increas'd your fear—
You rose—and would have run, but knew not where :
Returning, at my feet yourself you threw,
And did by earnest signs for pity sue :
Fond of the charge, solicitous to save,
I rais'd and brought you to a secret cave ;
To cheer my love, delicious fruits I sought,
And water from the chrystal fountain brought ;
Pleas'd with my care, you held me to your breast,
And by expressive looks your thanks confess'd.
Such tender offices unhop'd for, now dispell'd
Your gloomy fear, and your distractions heal'd ;
The languid paleness from your visage fled,
And native bloom your glowing cheeks o'erspread ;
Your eyes on all my naked beauty stray'd,

While mine your drefs and fairer face survey'd.
 If you my well proportion'd fhape admir'd—
 Your flowing locks my heaving bofom fir'd ;
 The fondeft things in words unknown you fpoke—
 But the foft meaning from your eyes I took ;
 No other language we could ufe, or need,
 For eyes beyond all eloquence perfuade.
 Inflam'd with love—with wanton joy you kifs'd
 My trembling lips, and panting to be blefs'd,
 You prefs'd—and look'd—and ftrove, nor vainly ftrove,
 For every power was foften'd into love :—
 Unskill'd in art—unable to deny,
 Blufhing I yielded to the filent joy.

OH ! happy hours of love ! where all my care,
 Was but to please, and to preferve my dear ;
 Sollicitous, for nothing elfe I knew—
 No thought—no wifh, for any thing but you.
 Clasp'd in each other's arms, conceal'd we lay,
 And in foft pleasures wafte all the day ;
 But when the fun's declining light withdrew,
 And the mild evening's cooling breezes blew,
 With cautious fteps through fecret paths I led,
 To fome fweet grove or unfrequented fhade ;
 The murm'ring fream's enamel'd banks we prefs'd,
 The murm'ring freams invited us to reft ;
 But careful of your fafety while you fleep,
 My waking eyes in conftant watch I kept ;

My arms encircling round your neck were made
 A guard, and tender pillow for your head ;
 There in soft slumbers stretch'd, at ease we lay,
 'Till opening morning summon'd us away.
 In haste I cry'd—awake ! awake ! my dear,
 The chirping birds approaching day declare ;
 See how the fainting stars foretell the morn,—
 Awake my dear ! and to our cave return.

WHOLE months secure in those retreats we pass'd,
 And each new hour came happier than the last :—
 Such was our love, so mutual was our flame,
 Our hopes, and fears, and wishes were the same ;
 The various presents other lovers gave
 I brought to furnish and adorn our cave ;
 With softest particolour'd skins I made,
 Perfum'd with sweetest flowers, a fragrant bed ;
 Had you a wish that ever I denied,
 Or was not with a willing care supply'd ?
 O ! what return for such a vast of love !
 But still would I intreat, and not reprove.
 Let me remind you of what once you said,
 While oaths confirm'd the promises you made.
 “ My Yarico ! my love ! my life ! you cry'd,
 “ My dear preserver ! and my choice and bride !
 “ Thou kindest, softest cure of all my woe,
 “ How shall I pay the gratitude I owe ?
 “ Thou power that made me ! hear me while I swear

" Eternal truth, eternal love to bear ;
 " If thou vouchsafe me to behold once more
 " My dear, my long lost friends and native shore ;
 " If ever I forget her tender care,
 " Do thou regardless hear my dying prayer ;
 " Drive me in bitterness of want to rove,
 " And shut me ever from the realms above."

Is he a God whose curses you implor'd ?
 And shall his hand not grasp the avenging sword ?
 Ne'er can you hope in sweet content to live,
 Or know that comfort you refuse to give.

AMONG the vices men abhor the most,
 Ingratitude is sure of all accurs'd.
 Can the just Gods with pleasure look upon,
 Or love the temper so unlike their own ?
 Kind offices, a kind requital claim,—
 He pays but half, who but returns the same ;
 He who gives first, a generous kindness shows ;
 The other only pays a debt he owes ;
 But you relentless to my cries and prayers,
 Smil'd at my wrongs, and mock'd my falling tears ;
 Not one return of all the mighty debt,
 But cruel rage and persecuting hate.—
 This, this is all your nature can bestow,
 And thus you pay the gratitude you owe.

TIME, and my grief this body shall decay,
 This moving frame will be but lifeless clay,

Then peaceful in the silent grave I'll rest,
Still this warm blood, and calm this glowing breast.
But the remembrance of my wrongs shall live—
Your treachery whole ages shall survive ;
People unborn shall my sad tale relate,
And curse your cruelty, and weep my fate ;
And if in distant years some hapless maid,
Shall be by faithless, barbarous man betray'd ;
Condemn'd in sharpest misery to rove—
Unblest'd with hope, still curs'd with fatal love ;
One to whom life and liberty he owes,
From whose fond kindness every blessing flows ;
Then shall the just comparison be made—
So trusted Yarico, and was betray'd.
Think on that morn when on the bank I stood,
And saw the bark at anchor in the flood ;
Strait to your cave with eager steps I ran,
Behold my dear ! a vessel on the main :
Away my love ! no longer let us live
Unknown to peace, security can give ;
No more you needed—pleasure in your eyes
Flash'd like a shooting blaze in evening skies.
Your eager arms around my neck you flung,
And on my lips in silent transport hung ;
The mighty joy, too great to be express'd,
Glow'd on your cheeks and struggled in your breast.

ADIEU ! you cry'd, " ye friendly shades adieu !"

As in embraces to the shore we flew ;
 " And thou my cave, thou ever kind retreat—
 " Scene of our pleasure, and my safety's seat,
 " Farewell ! ye cruel savages adieu !—
 " Adieu ! to all, my Yarico, but you ;
 " Thou my preserver, shall be ever near,
 " Reign in my breast, and every blessing share."
 But why do I pursue th' ungrateful tale——
 Why urge a cause that never will prevail ?
 Yet still when nearer to the ship we drew,
 The waving colours you beheld and knew :
 " See, see my love, what heaven relenting sends ;—
 " Behold, my dear, my countrymen and friends."
 Then loud you cry'd, and wav'd your hands in air,
 And strait we saw the hastening boat appear ;
 With lusty strokes we cut the yielding tide,
 And joyful climb'd the lofty vessel's side.

If from a life of long continued fear ;
 From threaten'd cruelty and anxious care ;
 From death the greatest of all ills we dread,
 To be in one propitious moment free'd
 Be happiness, that can addition know,
 Your friend's embraces made it so to you.

AND now the ship unfurls her crackling sails,
 Whose bending bosoms catch the rising gales ;
 Like distant clouds appears the less'ning shore,
 "Till the faint prospect can be seen no more.

ADIEU ! my country, and my friends adieu !
 A lasting farewell here I take of you.
 Then while I cry'd, as conscious of my fate,
 Unusual sadness on my spirits sat ;
 My blood ran cold—my bosom heav'd with sighs,
 And gushing sorrows trickled from my eyes ;
 But you with well dissembled fondness came—
 Dissembled 'twas, and yet you look'd the same.
 " O ! whence my love this change ? this mournful look ?
 You said, and mingled kisses as you spoke ;
 " What means my life ? O tell me why you sigh ?
 " Why steals the pearly moisture from your eye ?
 " Tell me, and let me cure the ills you feel,
 " Or share the anguish that I cannot heal."
 Pleas'd with your words—suspecting no deceit,
 Alas ! I swallow'd the ensnaring bait ;
 Honest myself, I thought the world so too—
 Nor fear'd deceit—for no deceit I knew.
 No more I wept, my griefs were hush'd asleep,
 'Till 'twas decreed I must forever weep.
 Brisk blew the driving winds—the fleeting ship
 Cuts the thin air, and skims along the deep ;
 When on the deck a sudden shout we heard,
 Barbadoes' welcome coasts at length appear'd.
 The busy sailors skip'd from place to place,
 And smiling joy appear'd in every face ;
 But you sat silent—pensive and alone,

And meditated villainy to come.
 Then was the curs'd determination made—
 Then was the scheme of my undoing laid.
 O ! say what mov'd you to the cruel deed ?
 Did it from hate, or thirst of gain proceed ?
 Utge nothing——for if love's hot in your power,
 Is there from gratitude requir'd no more ?
 That's the strong tye that should forever bind,
 The surest chain to fix the generous mind.

Ye powers divine ! who guide the world below,
 Relieve, or teach me how to bear my woe :
 Give me—O ! give me eloquence to move
 His stubborn heart, and bring it back to love :
 So shall my life be spent in grateful praise,
 And lasting honors to your name I'll raise.
 And now I stand upon the long'd for shore,
 And fondly hop'd my hour of sorrow o'er :
 You smil'd, and as you kindly press'd my hand—
 “ Welcome !” you cry'd “ my Yariro to land—
 “ Thou kindest—dearest—tenderest—loveliest maid,
 “ Now shall my promis'd gratitude be paid.”
 O ! how inhuman is the flattering lie,
 That cheers, but to enhance our misery !
 For that which aggravates our sorrow most,
 Is to know happiness, and know it lost.
 Such soothing words conceal'd the vile deceit,
 And lull'd me, unsuspecting of my fate.

But now no longer need the mask be on,
 The mean was over for the end was come :
 No more th' enticing look your fallhood wears,
 But all the monster in full light appears :
 " Take her," you cry'd, " my right I here resign !
 " Her life and labour are by purchase thine."
 You ended ; and the wretch to whom you spoke,
 (Pride and ill-nature fowl'd in his look)
 Approach'd, and sternly seiz'd me by the hand,
 And rudely haul'd me under his command.
 Such cruelty, what savage ever knew,
 Or hearing, could believe you meant it true ?
 Too true I found it, when with barbarous scoff
 And hate unknown before, you shook me off ;
 Plung'd me o'erwhelm'd in every human ill—
 Not to be spoke, and which I only feel.
 Can you forget, or did you ne'er regard
 The sad distress that in my soul appear'd ?
 How chill'd with horror, I could scarce survive—
 And mad—and blasted—stiffen'd—yet alive ?
 How groveling at your feet in wild despair,
 I beat my bleeding breast, and tore my hair ?
 Then what did fear, and rage, and love not say
 As madness prompted, and my pangs gave way ?
 O ! famine, and this fatal doom reverse,
 Which once endur'd, there is no further curse.

O ! tell me why with vengeance you pursue,

Her who was life and happiness to you ;
 Relentless can you stand to all I say ?
 Unchang'd—unmov'd—O ! give compassion way ;
 Or, kindly with some well dissembled vow,
 Delude me still ; it will be pious now.
 But oh ! I read my anguish in your look ;
 I can no longer, for my heart is broke ;
 Yet let my heaving breast—my streaming eyes,
 Speak for me, what my faltering tongue denies ;
 Recall the former image to your view,
 Of her that loves——that was belov'd by you ;
 That now o'er burden'd with a mother's care,
 The tender pledge of our endearments bear :
 I feel the infant struggling in my womb,
 As conscious of its misery to come.
 Oh ! spare the guiltless babe ; let nature mov'd
 Your heart to pity, tho' 'tis deaf to love.
 I could no more—your cruel looks, congeal'd
 My flowing blood, and every vital chill'd ;
 No more my bosom heav'd——my dying eyes
 Were clos'd, and sense forsook me with my cries.
 Oh ! had it been forever gone indeed,
 From what a world of woes had I been free'd ;
 But fate conspiring to protract my grief,
 Unseal'd my eyes, and gave me back to life.
 I found me when my senses were restor'd
 In the curs'd house of him I call my lord ;

My bitter wrongs in vain did I deplore,
For you the source of all, I saw no more.
How should I act in so severe distress ;
Words could not speak my anguish, nor redress ;
But still to keep a glimmering hope alive,
(The last sad comfort wretches can receive)
I told my fatal story o'er with pain,
And sue'd for pity, but I sue'd in vain.
Condemn'd to feel unutterable woes,
And all the wrongs that slav'ry can impose :
Tho' deaf to justice, and love's softer flame,
Oh ! yet redeem me, in regard to fame ;
For still the living story of my woe
Shall follow, and exclaim where e'er you go ;
Mankind will shun you, and the blasting tongue
Shall hoot the monster as you pass along :—
Behold the wretch whose breast to nature steel'd,
For kindness hated—for compassion kill'd.
Then as you taught me, if there is to come
A day of general, just, and awful doom ;
If fit gradation be observ'd in pains,
Oh ! think and tremble what for you remains ;
Oh ! what in ~~me~~ ^{your} smiles you now incline
To shun the anguish, by relieving mine ;
So endless torments shall you change for peace,
And men instead of cursing, you, shall bless ;
The gods in mercy will the deed regard,
And pay you with a penitents reward ;

Or if the state you brought me to believe,
 Be but a story, fabl'd to deceive ;
 Yet sweet contentment never hope to own,
 Or taste of soft repose, tho' stretch'd on down.
 In vain for business you'll again repair ;
 My wrongs shall find you and revenge you there ;
 Forgive, thou still lov'd author of my pain—
 My griefs are heavy and I must complain.
 Oh ! kill me, or some milder ill provide,
 E'er fate quite severs, and the seas divide ;
 The thought distracts me ! my faint eyes are dim,
 And nature shivers at the dreadful theme !
 A thousand things my loaded heart would say——
 But oh ! my trembling hand will not obey ;
 Nor can I meet your fancy image my distress,
 And yet—oh ! yet while you've power redress.

F I N I S.

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